

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

BY O. A. CHARLES.
[Copyright by O. A. Charles, 1910.]

The deep-voiced organ pealed forth the wedding march while Beatrice, beautiful in her simple gown of white, leaning heavily on the arm of her stalwart father, marched slowly down the aisle to meet handsome Jack Stanley and his "best man," who stood waiting at the altar. The minister came down the steps with regal bearing and the little choir boys sang like seraphs from the choir aloft. "Until death do us part—do you promise this?" asked the aged minister in conclusion.

The vows were exchanged and Jack and his bride marched in triumph down the aisle and sprang into the waiting carriage—but not until they were delayed by a shower of rice, old shoes and good wishes by their friends who had assembled to see them married. It was one of those informal morning weddings so popular in the great middle class—that great middle class which is the salt of the earth and the salvation of the country.

Jack Stanley was now a department manager of a large dry goods store in an Ohio city. He had saved his money and was "paying out" on a pretty cottage in the suburbs—the cottage to which he and Beatrice would go after their honeymoon. Jack had declared that they would have a honeymoon, and to that end had counted it happiness to forego the little luxuries to which he had been accustomed. He gave up his two-roomed suite and lived in a hall bedroom and dreamed of life in the cottage as he had planned it.

"Beatrice will be a clever little housekeeper and I will have good home-cooked eats, three times a day, and get away forever from this boarding-house life."

Now Jack had been left an orphan when a little boy, and shifted for himself so long that the prospect of a home was very sweet to him. Beatrice had been a stenographer in a law office, and she, too, had saved a few dollars and had prepared a number of things for the cottage. There were pretty hemstitched tablecloths and piles of glossy napkins, a dozen pretty towels and a generous chest of sheets and pillow cases, bedspreads and other household linens. In talking over these preparations and planning for the future, life looked bright to them that beautiful May morning as they started on their wedding trip.

Jack beamed with happiness as he sat down beside his bride and waved goodbye to some well-meaning friends who had followed them to the station.

Wedding journeys may not mean much to young married people who have traveled up and down the face of the earth, but to Jack, who had spent but a week in New York, and to Beatrice, who had never been out of her state, the trip was a wonderful experience. But even honeymoons come to an end, and our friends came back home to begin housekeeping in their pretty cottage.

One morning, a few weeks after the young housekeepers had become settled, Beatrice was busy washing the dishes when the bell rang and she went to the door.

"Why, Bee, is this where you live?" said the caller, who was an old friend. "I did not know that this was your house—what a dear home you have."

"You see I have just what you want, my dear; here, sign this paper and become a member of our Soap Club, you can save lots of money on your household supplies and get the loveliest premiums free."

"But I don't think Jack would like it, he has told me to buy only the best of everything and only as I need it, and I am getting along nicely."

"Oh, bother; what does your husband know about housekeeping?" said the agent. "You must teach him, in the very beginning, that you are the mistress, or you will soon be a back number like so many married women. You see there will be ten members and each is to buy a dollar's worth of goods every month. Each month one of the members gets a lovely premium such as chairs, dishes, rugs, curtains, and lots of other things."

"But what will I buy with the dollar?" said Beatrice.

"Oh, you can buy soap, tea, coffee, talcum powders, perfumes and almost anything."

"But don't it cost more than if I buy it from my grocer or druggist?"

"Well, it isn't any cheaper, but look at the lovely premiums you get for nothing."

Only half convinced and almost before she realized it, Beatrice had paid her dollar for the first order and had agreed to pay a dollar each month for ten months, and the agent, having ensnared her victim, took her departure.

After the agent had gone, Beatrice began thinking over what she had done, and was not at all sure she had made a wise bargain.

"Well, I did need the soap, but I'm sorry I let her have that dollar today, for I should have given it to the milkman."

"Now how can I keep Jack from finding out that I have not paid the milk bill?" thought Beatrice.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

In a week or so the first order arrived, and when Beatrice examined it she found she had a great deal more soap than she needed, but she thought, "I can put it away and buy something else the next time."

When the time came for the next order she selected other articles, such as talcum powder, perfumes, spices, coffee, tea, etc. She continued this for several months and it began to dawn upon her that she was getting a lot of stuff that would be wasted, as she could not use it. But, with Beatrice, to begin an undertaking was to go ahead with it, right or wrong, and in her mind's eye she saw the "lovely chair" which she would be able to present to her husband when she had bought the required amount of goods.

With the recklessness of one who is accustomed to count every penny, but who suddenly finds herself on "easy street," Beatrice began to buy more supplies than she could use.

Often she gave the soap to a poor washerwoman and the tea to a baker, she thinking all the time only of that easy chair and her husband's joy when he discovered that she had secured it free. It seemed impossible that she could not see that she was paying more than double the price for the chair, but the world-old idea of getting something for nothing had taken possession of her mind and the premium fied had done her worst.

The first year drew to a close, and with it the accumulation of soaps, spices and perfumes became unwieldy. Beatrice had planned that the chair should arrive in time for the first anniversary of their marriage. The next day as she was sweeping the walks the drymas drew up at the gate, and Beatrice, thinking that at last the coveted premium had arrived, was doomed to disappointment, for instead of the chair she received only a box of soap on which she had to pay freight charges of forty cents, and drayage, thirty-five cents.

"Where is my chair?" asked Beatrice, in a tone of disappointment.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout no chair—this was all there was at the freight house for you," said the drayman.

"But there should have been a chair," insisted Beatrice.

"Well, you'll have to see the agent 'bout that," he said, as he took his departure.

With ill-concealed disappointment Beatrice went about her work. That evening Jack asked her repeatedly what the "grouch" was all about. The next morning, as soon as Jack was safely out of sight, Beatrice put on her hat and went down to the freight house to make inquiries about the missing chair, but it had not arrived with the soap, so she had to go home without it.

After writing a couple of letters and waiting two weeks more the chair came, and again Beatrice was disappointed, for the chair was nothing like what she had expected. It was a cheap, gaudy looking piece of furniture, but it was here and she had to make the best of it; she also had to pay another freight bill of forty cents and thirty-five cents more for drayage.

Beatrice was in the kitchen when Jack came home and saw the chair, with his slippers beside it and his smoking jacket thrown across the arm.

"Hello, what have we here?" said he, as he whistled softly to himself.

"By jove, it is a new chair and for my birthday, and our wedding anniversary, too; but, lordy, what a screamer!" and he settled his two hundred pounds of healthy manhood down into the chair.

When Beatrice came into the room Jack said: "Where did you get this chair, Bee?"

"Oh, I bought it the other day."

"What did you pay for it?"

"Nothing; I got it free with soap."

"Oh, soap?"

"Well, I joined one of those soap clubs and the chair is my premium."

"Well, I thought so, for I was sure you had better taste than to buy such a gaudy affair as this; why, it is not worth three dollars."

"Jack, you are mean."

"No, I am not mean; I am simply telling you the truth. Now tell me about it."

(To Be Continued.)

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(Concluded.)

Then Beatrice, with tears in her eyes, and a new fear in her heart, told Jack all about the prize chair, the unused soap and her own effort to secure for him the coveted piece of furniture.

"Well, this should be a lesson, my dear," he remarked, as he thought of the good money gone to waste in learning that foolish lesson in mistaken economy.

"Bee," he said sternly, "Did I not give you a list of the tradespeople with whom I wished you to deal? Don't you see that I can not afford to have you do these things when I work for people who's business is hurt by these skin games?"

"Yes, dear; but I wanted to surprise you with a lovely chair, and I did not want to ask you for the money, so I thought a prize chair would be the very thing."

"Poor little wife, many a woman has been disappointed just as you have been, and many a woman has spent her husband's hard-earned money on just such a tricky scheme as the one to which you have fallen victim—but come, dear, let us not cry over spilled milk; let us count up just what the chair cost us and then you will see that something for nothing is the very worst economy. Get me that catalogue and I will show you where you got stung."

Just as Jack and Beatrice started to "count the cost" the bell rang and an old friend of both appeared on the scene.

"Why, what have we here?" she said.

"We were just going to figure out what this chair cost us. Beatrice bit on one of those soap club propositions."

"Oh, they got you, too, did they Bee?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Well, I can't blame you, for they have a good argument to catch one, and unless you analyze their plan carefully you are sure to bite, as Jack says. You see before I was married and was working in the furniture store my mother was a member of one of those clubs, and, knowing the value of furniture, I knew the premiums she was getting were no good, so I determined to see what kind of values the clubs gave on their soaps, so I made up a list of 26 articles and got prices on the same goods from our grocer and druggist. Wait a minute, I'll run over home and get the list."

After being gone about ten minutes she returned. "Now, my dears, here is the list giving both the prices you pay the soap club and what you can buy them for at home:

Soap Club Prices.		Grocers' Prices.	
1 Laundry soap—20 bars.....	\$ 1.00	1 Easy Task soap, 24-box.....	\$ 1.00
2 Napha washing powder 2-16 oz. packages.....	.30	2 Star Napha wash. pow. 2-16 oz. packages.....	.10
3 Gloss starch, 6 boxes.....	.50	3 Argo or Hoosier St'h, 6 bxs.....	.25
4 Laundry wax, 3 ounces.....	.20	4 Laundry wax, 3 oz.....	.05
5 Toilet soap, 10 bars.....	.50	5 Pearl Soap, 12 bars.....	.50
6 Blend Coffee, 3 lbs.....	1.00	6 Old Reliable Coffee, 3lb.....	.60
7 Tea, 1 lb.....	.60	7 Tea, 1 lb.....	.45
8 Cinnamon, 1-2 lb.....	.40	8 Cinnamon, 1-2 lb.....	.25
9 Cloves, 4 ounces.....	.15	9 Cloves, 4 ounces.....	.10
10 Table salt, 5 lbs.....	.10	10 Table salt, 5 lbs.....	.05
11 Lemon extract, 2 oz. bot.....	.20	11 Lemon extract, 2 oz. bottle.....	.10
12 Orange extract, 2 oz. bot.....	.20	12 Orange, 2 oz. bottle.....	.10
13 Vanilla extract, 2 oz. bot.....	.25	13 Vanilla, 2 oz. bottle.....	.15
14 Macaroni, 1 lb box.....	.15	14 Macaroni, 1lb. box.....	.10
15 Essence of Ginger, 2 oz. bot.....	.25	15 Essence of Ginger, 2 oz. bot.....	.10
16 Ess. of P'rmit, 2 oz. bot.....	.25	16 Essence of Pepp., 2 oz. bot.....	.10
17 Extract of beef, 2 oz. bot.....	.40	17 Extract of beef, 2 oz. bottle.....	.25
18 Carnation perfume, 1 oz. bot.....	.50	18 Carnation p'r'fme, 1 oz. bot.....	.25
19 Hello, perfume, 1 oz. bot.....	.50	19 Hello, perfume, 1 oz. bot.....	.25
20 Lilly of the Valley, 1 oz.....	.50	20 Lilly of Valley, 1 oz. bot.....	.25
21 Massage Cream, 2oz. box.....	.50	21 Massage cream, 2 oz. box.....	.25
22 Bay Rum, 4 oz. bottle.....	.25	22 Bay rum, 4 oz. bottle.....	.15
23 Florida water, 4 oz. bottle.....	.25	23 Florida water, 4 oz. bottle.....	.15
24 Varnish (any finish) 1 qt.....	.75	24 Varnish (any finish) 1 qt.....	.25
25 Shoe polish, 1 box.....	.10	25 Shoe polish, 1 box.....	.05
26 Scouring Powder, 1 lb.....	.10	26 Scouring polish, 1 lb.....	.05
27 Cook book, 72 pages.....	.10	27 Cook B'k Washburn-Cr'y's.....	.00
28 Total.....	\$10.00		\$ 6.10

"Now, Bee, by comparing these lists you see, what seems at first, to be a difference of \$3.90 in favor of buying at home, but look here—item No. 1 the club sells you 20 bars of soap for \$1, while your grocer sells you 24 bars of soap for \$1. There is a difference of just four bars of soap, or your grocer gives you just four bars more soap for your dollar than does the soap club. That makes 20 cents difference in value. Again, item No. 5, your club sells you 10 bars of soap for 50 cents, while your grocer sells you 12 bars for 50 cents, a difference of two bars of toilet soap that your grocer gives you more than does your club, for the same money. There is 10 cents more in favor of buying at home."

"Now you had to pay 40 cents freight on the soap and the chair. You also had to pay 35 cents drayage. Now we won't count the postage on the letters nor the stuff you have given away, no that pile of junk you never will be able to use, but just taking the above figures let us see what your premium cost you. Let us make an equation of it.

Club Prices.		Local Prices.	
List of 27 articles.....	\$10.00	Deduct ex. laundry soap.....	\$ 6.10
Add freight on soap.....	.40	Deduct extra toilet soap.....	.20
Add drayage on soap.....	.35		
Total.....	\$10.75	Total.....	\$ 5.80

"Your soap and other goods cost you \$10.75 from your club, and you could have bought the same quantity, only a better grade of goods, from your grocer and druggist for \$5.80, leaving you \$4.95 to buy your chair."

"Now with my experience in the furniture business I know that chair would sell for not more than \$4. So you see you got \$5.80 worth of soap, tea, coffee, etc., part of which will be wasted, and you got a \$4 premium. Adding these together, you got \$9.80 worth of goods for which you paid \$10.75. There is a difference of 95 cents which you could have saved, but which really went to the agent or secretary of the club."

"These club people," continued their friend, "advertise that they save you the middleman's profit; now they give the secretary of the club a premium which they claim is worth \$2. What is that but middleman's profit?"

"Sure," said Jack, "it's middleman's profit, and you pay it to some one who is not responsible. If you had bought that junk from your grocer or your druggist you would have sent it back and secured something good, but now you have no recourse, you have paid your good money for it and you have to keep it. I'll tell you there is only one way to buy goods, and that is to buy from responsible merchants, who are always ready to make good any article that is not No. 1 and to see what you are buying before you pay for it. Buying from a catalogue is poor policy at any stage of the game."

"Yes, Jack, I think you are right," said their friend, "and here is another phase of the club proposition that ought to queer it with people who think. The soap club concerns are not honest in their advertising. Mother got a letter a day or two ago from one of those club firms and here is what they say: You may have your choice of any \$10 premium and \$10 worth of products for only \$10. Now we know that it is not true, for the list I just showed you proves that the products for which they charge \$10 can be bought for \$5.80, and this chair which they claim is worth \$10 can be bought for \$4. If you saw an advertisement in the papers where some local merchant was going to sell \$2.50 shirt waists for only \$1.98 and found, when you examined them, that they were worth not more than \$1.50, would you buy them? And wouldn't you always be suspicious of that merchant's advertising? I'll tell you it pays to steer clear of any concern who must resort to false advertising to sell their product."

"Well, I think Bee has learned her lesson," said Jack.

"Yes, dear, I have," and turning to their friend, "I can't tell you how much I thank you for showing me what you have. I don't think I'll bite on a scheme of that kind again."

"That's the way to talk, and remember this," said their friend, getting ready to go, "something for nothing is dear at any price, and if your friends and neighbors try to induce you to take up with such a scheme, just do at little missionary work yourself and show them where they are mistaken. Who was it that said, 'Something for nothing takes the shirt off your back when you come to pay?'"

BOOSTED

Prices On Articles In Dry Goods Stores

Not Brought About By The Local Dealer

Must Look Back Of Him To The Tariff

Under The Recently Enacted Payne--Aldrich Bill

Which Is The Direct Cause Of The Increase

(By Marion E. Leland)

Washington, July 22—Madam, have you been to the dry goods store lately—the dry goods store in your own town?

Have you noticed that you must pay from 10 to 12 cents these days for the standard muslins that retailed for 8 and 9 cents not so long ago?

And do you know that gingham that sold last year for 7½ cents a yard now cost 8½c?

These quotations are addressed to the women folks. In fact, this article is dedicated to the women of Mt. Vernon. This is because the editor has asked for a political letter from Washington for the sole interest of his women readers.

Yes, the request was somewhat unusual. The newspaper correspondents who sit in the press galleries in the United States capitol seldom if ever prepare an article for the enlightenment of the women of the land. But why not? Is it not true that they do more buying than the men? And that increased prices pinches the women even more than the men?

Now if you have noted that muslins and gingham and such are higher do you know the reason? Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island and Senator Flint of California stated on the floor of the Senate that the retailers were to blame for the upward tendency of prices. These senators were simply trying to pass the responsibility from their shoulders, where it belongs, to the shoulders of the corner store, where it does not belong. Your local retailer is as blameless for increasing prices as you are.

Then who is to blame? I can give you the answer. The colored gentlemen in the woodpile is the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. The members of Congress who voted for this measure will be explaining to your husbands before long that they voted for protection. But what they really voted for was extortion.

Gingham and laces are not the only things that cost more because of the passage of the "extortion" bill. Take stockings for instance:

A year ago a popular seller was a German knit cotton stocking with a seamless foot and Louis Hermsdorf dyes. This stocking cost the merchant \$2.25 a dozen pair and sold for 25 cents a pair.

Last year a certain American stocking, not so well dyed, nor so well made, cost the merchant \$1.75 a dozen pair.

Today the American stocking costs the merchant \$2.25 a dozen and sells for 25 cents. Do you see the point? The tariff has raised the price of its German rival 10 cents a pair, and it is no longer on sale. The greedy American gets a monopoly on stockings. Then he immediately raises his price to the retailer. And you are now paying the same price for an inferior article that you used to pay for a good article.

Higher prices and cheaper qualities! That is the short definition of Aldrichism.

Figures Tell The Story

Here is a table supplied by a leading wholesale dry goods establishment which tells its own story:

Men's, women's and children's hosiery:

Cost prior to Payne / Cost of same tariff, per doz. / article today per doz.

\$1.67 / \$1.88
\$1.84 / \$2.05
\$2.21 / \$2.48
\$2.59 / \$2.86

Men's cotton and Jersey gloves:

\$.72 / \$1.17
\$1.26 / \$1.65
\$1.62 / \$1.98

Women's Clothes Cost More

Women's clothes cost more this year than they did last as a result of the Payne-Aldrich bill. A woman's ready-made suit costs \$3 more than it did, for a pattern of the same quality.

ty. The woman who bought a pattern and made her own spring suit had to pay \$1 a yard for common blue serge that she bought last year at 75 cents, or for broadcloth \$1.50 a yard for what was formerly \$1.25.

Prices in General Soar

Nor are these things an exception. Take woolen blankets, take woollens of any kind, take men's, ladies' and children's gloves—but why more examples? If you have been shopping you know the story better than the writer.

But on one thing, at least, the Washington correspondent, if he knows his business, can put you straight. Your local retailers, American women, are not the responsible parties. It is true that the new to higher prices leads into the local retailer's, but it is also true that it runs right on through and out of his back door.

Republicans Are Responsible

The really responsible parties are the members of Congress who voted for the Payne-Aldrich bill. And you might, by the way, inquire around and find out just how your member voted.

If he voted "aye," nail him. And nail him hard! For he is the villain in the piece.



WILLIAM B. MELISH
Who Becomes Grand Master of The Grand Encampment, Knights Templar in United States

COURT HOUSE NOTES

Inventory and Appraisement—

In the matter of the estate of F. H. Huntsberger an inventory and appraisement has been filed showing the following: Personal property \$210, moneys \$102.53, securities \$2,420, claims \$200, real estate \$4,400. Total \$7,332.53.

Professional Cards

Attorneys-at-Law

L. B. HOUCK
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office Rogers building, No. 111 S. Main street, Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Rooms 2 and 3, second floor.

FRANK O. LEVERING
ATTORNEY AT LAW
All business of legal nature gives prompt attention and especially to practice in the Probate Court. Office, No. 9 East High street, Mt. Vernon, O. New Phone, Office 104; Residence, 354

STREAM & RIMER
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Physicians

E. C. BEGGS
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Office in Arnold block corner of East High street and Monument Square, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

C. K. CONARD, M. D.
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office and residence, 18 East Vine st. Citizens' phone, 52. Office hours: 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

WESTERN CANADA

What J. J. Hill, the Great Railroad Magnate, Says About Its Wheat-Producing Power

"The greatest part of this country (United States) in another generation or two will be the grain raising of the world."

This great railroad magnate is in a unique position to judge of the situation for extensive railway building to the wheat fields of Western Canada.

Upwards of 125 Million Bushels of Wheat

were harvested in 1909. Average of the three provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will be upwards of 23 bushels per acre.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emptions of 160 acres at \$3 per acre, are to be had in the closest districts.

Schools, convenient, climate excellent, soil rich, building lumber cheap, land easy to get and reasonable in price.

Farming a success. Write for best place for settlement, sections, low railway rates, descriptive literature. Last best West sent free on application. For information, to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to the Canadian Government Agent.

H. M. WILLIAMS,
413 Garden Bridge,
Toledo, Ohio.
(The address nearest you.)

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have been appointed and qualified executors of the estate of

SAMUEL HOLLABAUGH
late of Knox county, Ohio, deceased, by the probate court of said county.

July 13th, 19